

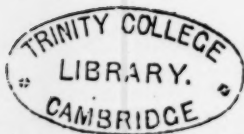
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THE
MUSES
Holocaust:

OR,
A NEW
BURNT-OFFERING

TO
The two great Idols
OF
PRESBYTERY
AND
ANABAPTISM.

By
SAMUEL HOLLAND.

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The Muses Holocaust.

BE the Tongue blister'd that shall dare prefer
The Cause and Courage of *John Presbyter*;
And the Quill lighter then a feather thought,
That such Phanatick madnes shall be taught,

As praise that Cap of Zeal, which lined comes,
Without with Cruel, and within with Thrums.

See where the Rabble, with their lugging ears,

And arm'd with black Sedition, appears

In Knots of wilde Rebellion, like a Bed

Of hissing Serpents with Contagion fed:

And that their Followers may the more adore them,

Their godly Leaders walk in Cloaks before them.

For since Sedition did this Age provoke,

Jack Presbyter hath ever chose the Cloak;

And makes that Garment at all times to be

A signal Cloak of his Hypocrisie.

They have a Cloak for every thing they do;

A Cloak i'th' Street, a Cloak i'th' Pulpit too.

A Cloak is all their Wear; and if they can,

They'll have a Cloak to cozen God and Man.

The Cloak doth act more mischief in the Town,

Then all the long Addresses of the Gown.

'Twas in his Cloak that *JENKINS* up did cry

'Gainst our late King another Crucifie:

'Twas in his Cloak he seem'd Another man,

And finely learnt to turn the Cat i'th' Pan:

'Twas in his Cloak returning to his Fever,

That now he seems as fiery hot as ever.

'Twas in his Cloak that *BAXTER* loud did bawl,

Belov'd listen, and hear *BAXTERS* Call;

The Bishops of their Mitres dispossess,

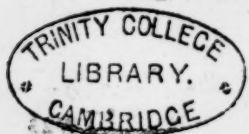
Will breed the Saints an Everlasting Rest.

The Muses Holocaust.

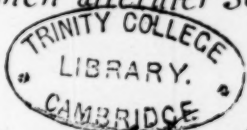
'Twas in his Cloak that *CALAMY* did spit
Against Saint Pauls his Excremental Wit ;
And waspish *WATSON* did so loudly rore,
And call'd his Mother, *Englands Church*, a Whore.
'Twas in his Cloak that *CARTER* pray'd, to gain
The sacred Scepter from his Sovereign ;
And mov'd his Hearers all, like true *Pres-byters*,
To fight against the Bishops and their Mitres.
'Twas in his Cloak that *NYE* late down did crie
The Cross, the Surplis, and the Liturgie ;
And hop'd ere long his Friends would have the Power
To be again possell'd of the Tower :
That so the swarming Sectaries might rule
From neere *Thames* unto the farthest *Thule*.
And if they cannot do it, may those *Elves*
Help in *New-England*, and then hang themselves.
This is the Sense of all, This is the Ayer
Of every true-born Presbyterian Prayer.
With these is high the Anabaptist frown,
Who will have no Religion but his own :
They will conspire with all the Pow'rs of Hell,
To bid both *ORDER*, Truth and Peace farewell.
From such and All as are so refractory,
And care for none, but their own Directory,
Good Lord protect us ! let Flames joyn with Flames,
T'abate their Numbers, and devour their Names :
Not their Church-buckets fill'd with Sisters tears,
Nor dropping Clouds of Jealousies and Fears,
(Could it rain Water fast as Bloud before)
Shall longer save this Presbyterian Whore.
Smectymnus be henceforth the Hang-mans name,
And from his last dissecting hand take Fame.
May All together in one Fire be brent,
With *Buchanans* and *Knoxes Testament* ;
And all rot with them, that would tumble down
The rising Mitre, and the stablish'd Crown.

A M E N.

F I N I S.



Bella inter geminos plusquam civilia fratres
 Traxerat ambiguus Religionis apex:
 Ille reformatæ fidei pro partibus instat
 Iste reformandam denegat esse fidem.
 Propositis causæ rationibus alter utrinq;
 Concurrere pares, & cecidere pares;
 Quod fuit in votis fratrum capit alter uterq;
 Quod fuit in fatis perdit uterq; fidem.
 Captivi gemini nullo ducente trahuntur
 Et victus victi transfuga castra petit:
 Quod genus hoc pugnae est ubi victus gaudet uterq;
 Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet.



D^r Alabaster

In points of Fayth some undetermin'd iarres
 Betwixt two Brothers kindled civil warres
 One for the Church's Reformation stood
 The other thought noe Reformacon good
 The points propos'd they traversed y^e field
 With equall skill, & both together yeeld:
 As they desir'd his brother each subdues
 Yett such theire fate y^e each his fayth did loose.
 Bot's captives none y^e prisoners thence to guide
 The victor flying to the vanquisht side,
 Bot's ioy'd in being conquered (strange to say)
 And yett bot's mourn'd because bot's wonne y^e day